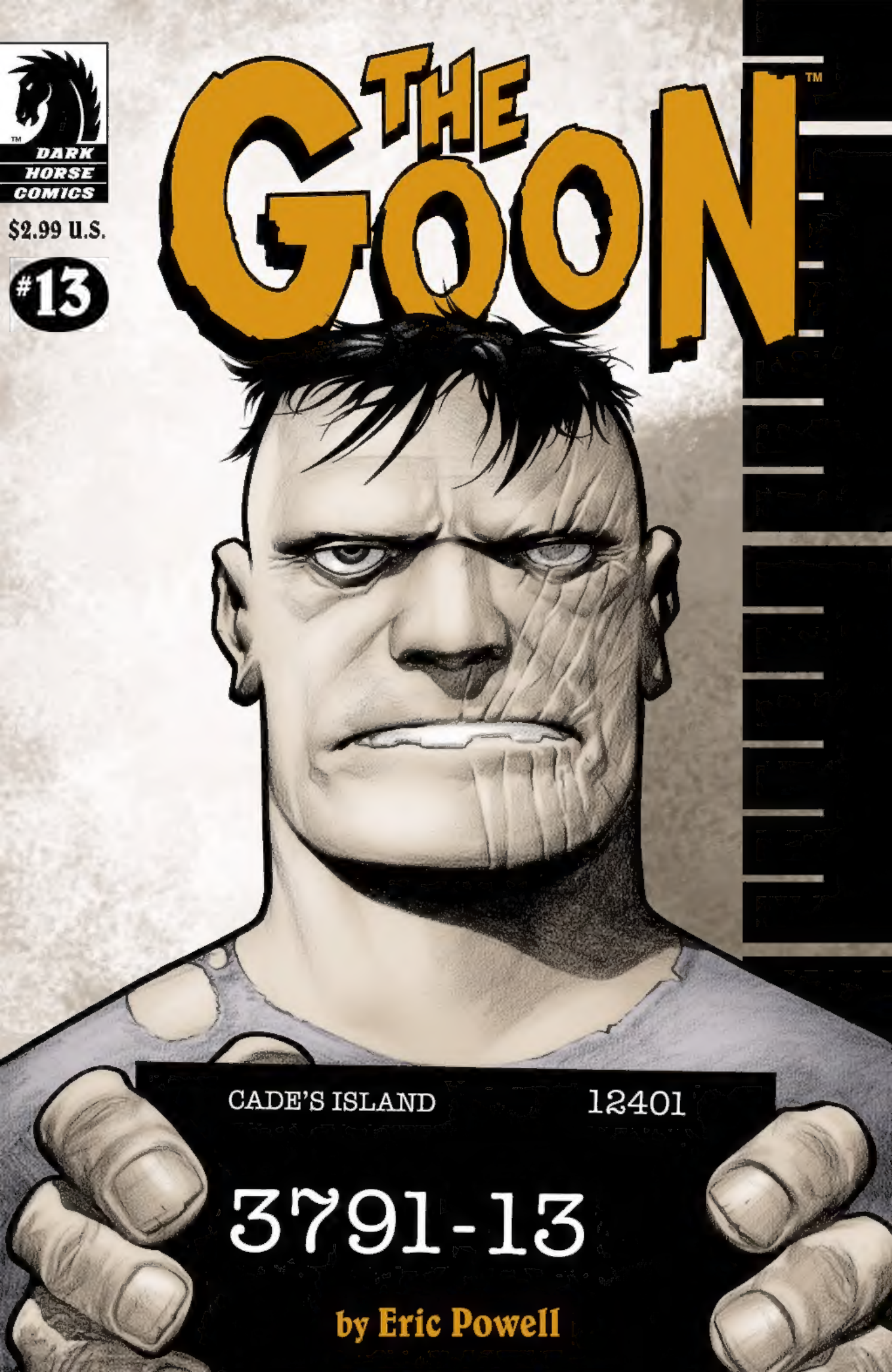
DARK HORSE COMICS
$2.99 U.S.
#13
THE GOON
CADE'S ISLAND 12401
3791-13
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

color assists by Robin Powell

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts**
published by **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Iethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

Most likely to be sold to a hairy guy with swastika tattoos for a pack of cigarettes: **Scott Allie**

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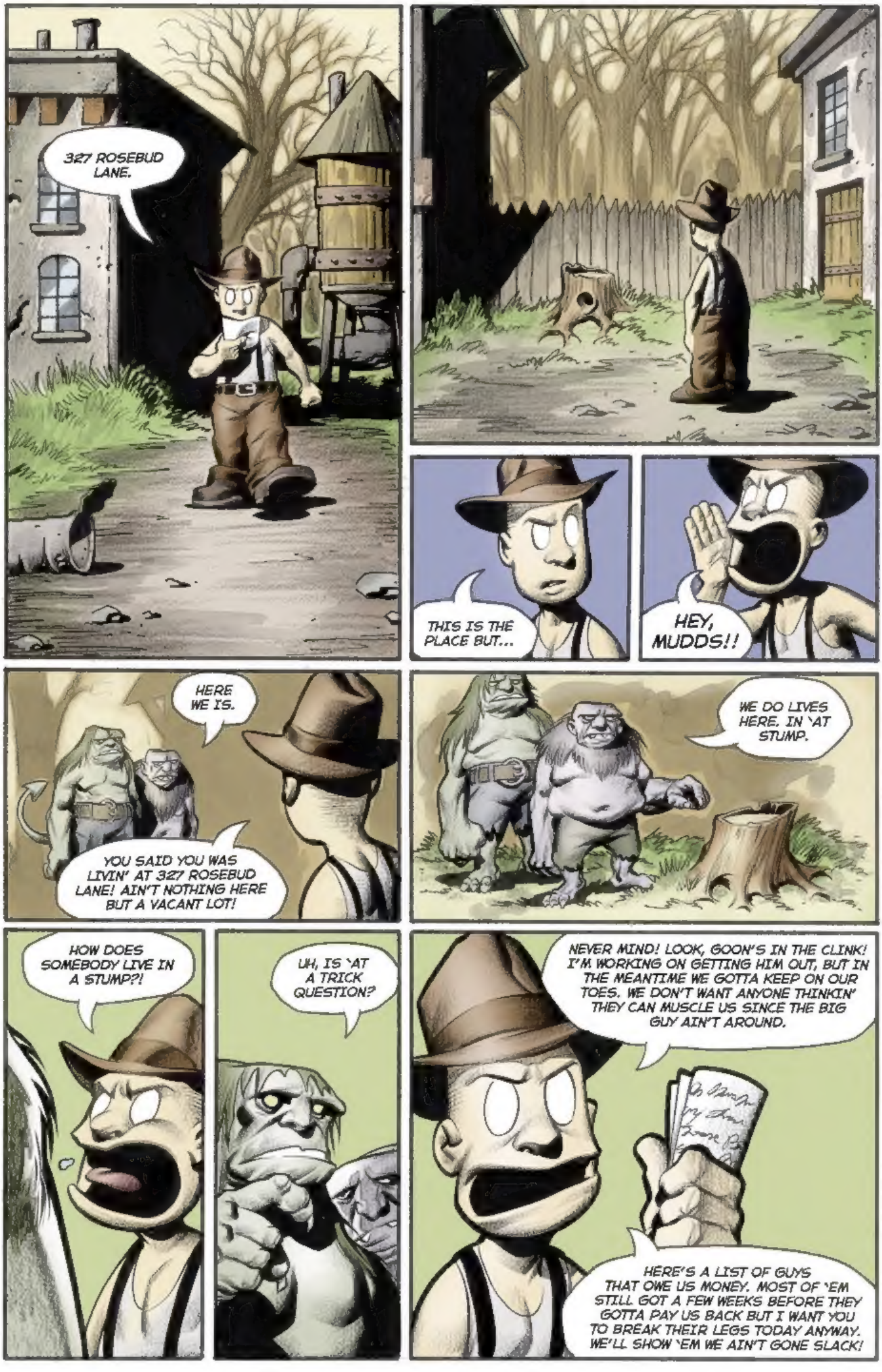

327 ROSEBUD LANE.
THIS IS THE PLACE BUT...
HEY, MUDDS!!
HERE WE IS.
YOU SAID YOU WAS LIVIN' AT 327 ROSEBUD LANE! AIN'T NOTHING HERE BUT A VACANT LOT!
WE DO LIVES HERE. IN 'AT STUMP.
HOW DOES SOMEBODY LIVE IN A STUMP?!
UH, IS 'AT A TRICK QUESTION?
NEVER MIND! LOOK, GOON'S IN THE CLINK! I'M WORKING ON GETTING HIM OUT, BUT IN THE MEANTIME WE GOTTA KEEP ON OUR TOES. WE DON'T WANT ANYONE THINKIN' THEY CAN MUSCLE US SINCE THE BIG GUY AIN'T AROUND.
HERE'S A LIST OF GUYS THAT OWE US MONEY. MOST OF 'EM STILL GOT A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THEY GOTTA PAY US BACK BUT I WANT YOU TO BREAK THEIR LEGS TODAY ANYWAY. WE'LL SHOW 'EM WE AIN'T GONE SLACK!

THE McGREG HOME FOR ILLEGITIMATE, WAYWARD, AND POSSIBLY HOMICIDAL YOUTH
RIGHT! BREAK DA LEGS!
YOUSE MUGS HEAR THAT?! THEY LOCKED UP THE GOON!
SO WHAT?
YEAH, WHATTA WE CARE?
SAY, I BET HE'D HIRE US RIGHT UP TO RUN HIS BROTHELS AND RACKETS!
YEAH, MAYBE HE'D EVEN BRUTALLY MURDER OLD LADY MCGREG IN HER SLEEP!
AND BURN HER UP IN THE FURNACE!
WHAT'S A BROTHEL?
WE GOT FLOORS TA SCRUB, SMITTY! GET TA WORK BEFORE OLD LADY MCGREG SHOVES OUR HANDS IN THE FURNACE AGAIN!
LISTEN! WHAT IF WE HELPED THE GOON BUST OUT?!
THUD! THUD! THUD!
WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?! I DON'T HEAR ANY SCRUBBING!! CHARLENE, BRING ME MY CREAM PIE AND BUTTERMILK, YOU GODLESS MULE!!
WHATTA YA TALKIN' ABOUT?!
THE GOON'S BIG TIME! THINK ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD MEAN FOR US IF WE WAS TA BUST HIM OUT!

CADE'S ISLAND MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON.
AND I UNLEASHED ALL OF MY ROBOTS ON THE CITY?
YEAH.
OH, DEAR. I DEEPLY APOLOGIZE, GOON. I CAN'T POSSIBLY CONVEY TO YOU THE REGRET THAT I HAVE FOR PUTTING YOU IN THIS SITUATION.
BLOW IT OUT YER EAR.
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING CROSS WITH ME. EVERYTHING I DO ENDS IN FOLLY.
PRISONERS! STEP OUT AND TURN TO YOUR RIGHT!
WARDEN HAGENBECK.
THE LUNATIC AND THE HARD CASE. I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU BOTH WERE BACK HERE.
YOU GOT OFF EASY LAST TIME, GOON! DEVIL TAKE THE BUREAUCRACY!
YOUR STAY WON'T BE SO SHORT THIS GO-ROUND! THERE WILL BE NO CODDLING! NO LENIENCY! YOU WILL BE SERVING HARD TIME! OBEY THE RULES AND YOU MAY SURVIVE YOUR STAY... BUT I DOUBT IT!

HOW DO I LOOK? I FEEL PRETTY GOOD BUT... HOW DO I LOOK?
GOT ANY COCONUTS?
LIGHTS OUT!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
FRESH FISH!
HEY, FATTY! I KNOW A COUPLE OF BULL QUEERS THAT'LL LOVE THAT BIG, SHINY, METALLIC BUTT OF YERS!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT NOT ONLY IS MY ANUS IMPENETRABLE, BUT IT CAN WITHSTAND A BLAST FROM A FIFTY-KILOJOULE LASER!
HEY, FRESH FISH! YOU, THE TALL MEATY FELLA, WHAT'S YER NAME?!
GOON.
PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU CLASS UP THE JOINT, MR. GOON.
ANYTHING YOU NEED, YOU JUST LET ME KNOW, MR. GOON.
NEED ANYBODY SHIVVED, DON'T HESITATE TO ASK.
MAKE ME YOUR WOMAN.
SHATTUP!!
YES, SIR.
SURE THING.
YES, SIR.
YES, SIR.

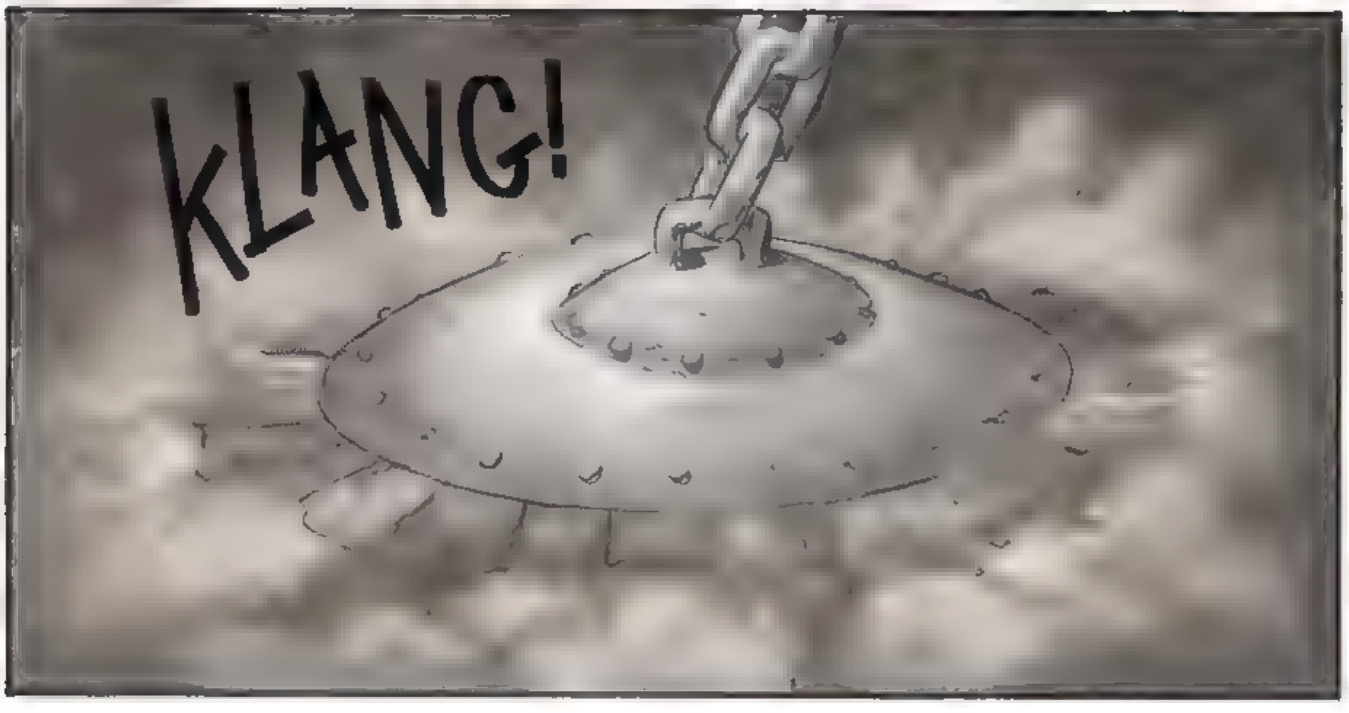
PUT THIS IN YOUR REPORT!!
HOW DO I FILE FINGERS, SQUINTY CALLAHAN?!
CAFETERIA
NICE CROW.
THAT FLOWER IS SOMETHING THEY CAN'T LOCK UP WITH THEIR BARS AND WALLS!
OOOH, I BEEN HERE SINCE OUGHT-FIVE.
LOOK, IT'S TRUE! THE GOON!
WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOK HERE! THE GOOOOON!
TIPSY KILIGAN AND NICKY FIN.
AW, NICKY, HE REMEMBERS US. THE TWO FELLAS HE GOT SENT UP THE RIVER! YOU THINK YOU OWN THIS WHOLE TOWN, DON'T YA?! WE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT AS YOU TO OPERATE HERE !!

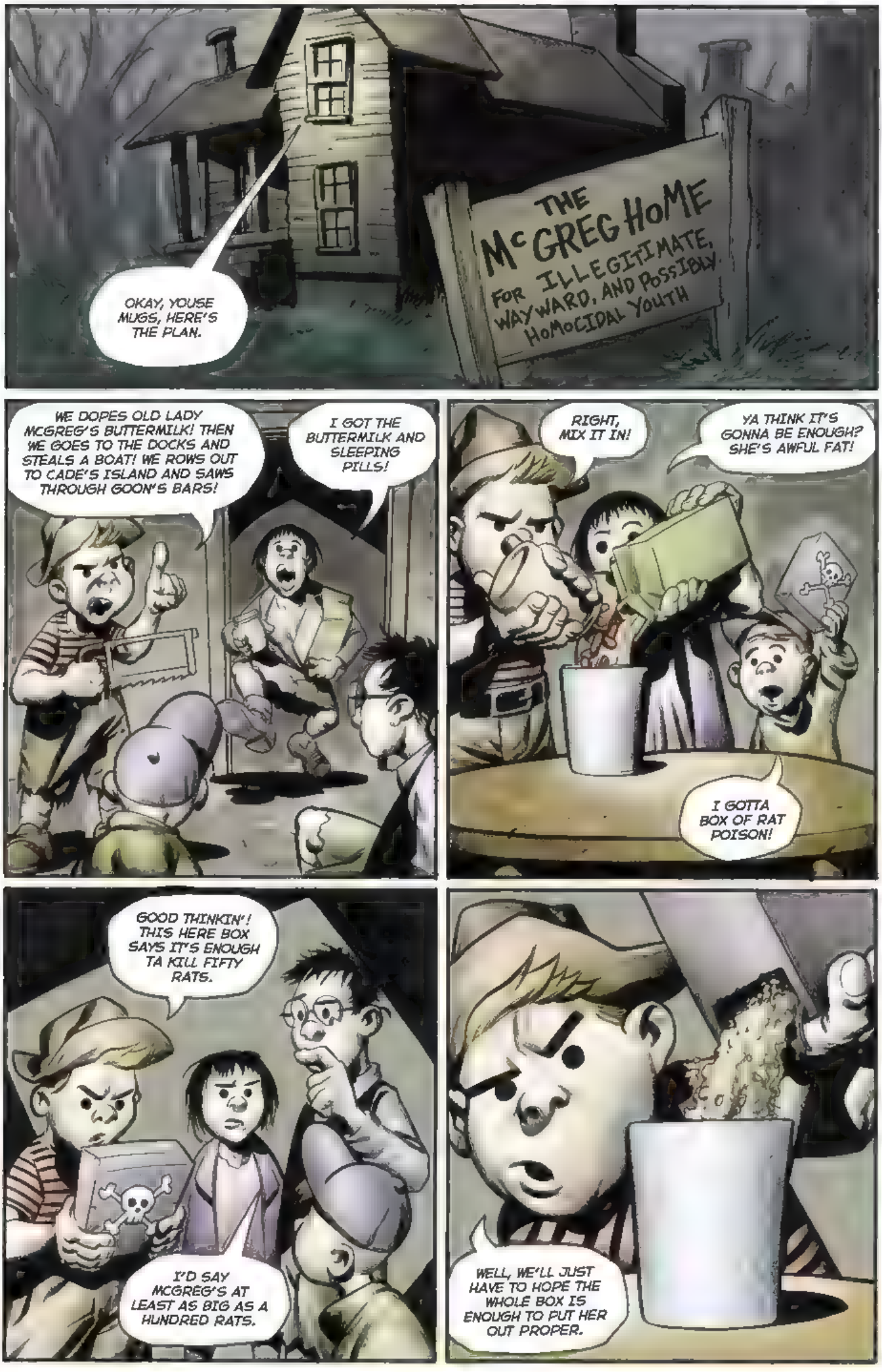
A COUPLE OF BABY-SWIPIN', BLACKMAILIN' HATCHET MEN DON'T OPERATE IN MY TOWN!
GET 'IM, TIPSY!
CHINK!
SIR, I AM APPALLED! LITERALLY A BACK-STABBER!!
TRY TA STICK ME, WILL YA!!

BREAK IT UP!!
ATTACKING A FELLOW INMATE, GOON?

HE TRIED TA SHIV ME!
YOU CRIMINALS ARE ALL FILTHY LIARS! IT'S THE HOLE FOR YOU!
YOU GET FIVE DAYS. TOO BAD NOBODY'S EVER SURVIVED PAST THE FIRST!
HEY, BULL, YA GOT A DECK OF CARDS? I MIGHT GET BORED DOWN THERE.

GET GOING, WISE GUY!!


KLANG!


OKAY, YOUSE MUGS, HERE'S THE PLAN.
THE McGREG HOME FOR ILLEGITIMATE, WAYWARD, AND POSSIBLY HOMOCIDAL YOUTH
WE DOPES OLD LADY MCGREG'S BUTTERMILK! THEN WE GOES TO THE DOCKS AND STEALS A BOAT! WE ROWS OUT TO CADE'S ISLAND AND SAWS THROUGH GOON'S BARS!
I GOT THE BUTTERMILK AND SLEEPING PILLS!
RIGHT, MIX IT IN!
YA THINK IT'S GONNA BE ENOUGH? SHE'S AWFUL FAT!
I GOTTA BOX OF RAT POISON!
GOOD THINKIN'! THIS HERE BOX SAYS IT'S ENOUGH TA KILL FIFTY RATS.
I'D SAY MCGREG'S AT LEAST AS BIG AS A HUNDRED RATS.
WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE THE WHOLE BOX IS ENOUGH TO PUT HER OUT PROPER.

IT'S BEEN FIVE DAYS. LET'S SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR INMATE.
ALL TOGETHER NOW!!
I SHOT A MAN IN RENOOO JUST TO WATCH HIM DIIIE!!
NOW JUST THE ONE-EYED, HAIRY FELLAS!!

I NEVER SEEN NOBODY TURN A COLOR LIKE THAT.
WHAT'S THAT PURPLE STUFF DRIPPIN' OUT OF HER NOSE AND EARS?
YEP, SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! LET'S GO!
JAB! JAB!
OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! I WAS BEGINNING TO GET RATHER WORRIED. THE OTHER DETAINEES SAID THAT YOU WERE DONE FOR.
YEAH, UNFORTUNATELY HAGENBECK HOLDS A GRUDGE AGAINST A FELLA FOR NOT BEIN' DEAD WHEN HE'S SUPPOSED TA BE. HAD A FEW BULLS ROUGH ME UP AT GUNPOINT. THINK THEY BUSTED A RIB.

THIS WARDEN'S GOT IT IN FOR ME. AND IF HE DON'T GET ME, SOME JERK WANTIN' TA MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF IS GONNA PIG-STICK ME IN THE DARK.
TIME TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, ALLOY! PUT THAT HIGH-POWERED NOODLE TO WORK AND FIGURE SOMETHIN' OUT.
WELL, I DID CONSTRUCT THIS MAKESHIFT CUTTING DEVICE OUT OF A TRANSISTOR RADIO, A TOOTHBRUSH, AND BEDSPRINGS IN MY SPARE TIME.

C'MON, ALLOY. LET'S SCRAM!
NO, I'VE DECIDED TO STAY HERE. IT HAS BECOME PAINFULLY EVIDENT THAT THE OUTSIDE WORLD CANNOT COPE WITH MY DIZZYING INTELLECT.
I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST FOR ALL IF I REMAINED CONFINED. SAFE FROM THE TEMPTATION TO MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MAN.
SUIT YERSELF.
OH, DEAR. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM TO MAKE SURE LAGARTO GOT HIS MEDICATION. OH, WELL. I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.

WARNING!
THIS AREA
IS MINED!

I HAVE YOU NOW, GOON! SURVIVED THE HOLE ONLY TO BE SHOT WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE! DID YOU ACTUALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO LET YOU MOCK ME AND LIVE?!
HA! GO AHEAD!
JUMP IN THE FREEZING, SHARK-INFESTED WATERS! SAVES US THE BULLETS!!

LOOK! IT'S THE GOON!
OVER HERE!
SEE, FELLAS, A BIG-TIME HOOD LIKE HIM DON'T EVEN WAIT TA BE BUSTED OUT! HE MEETS US HALFWAY!
WHO ARE YOU KIDS?
I'M SMITTY!
THIS IS SPECS, CHARLENE, AND PEEWEE.
WE COME TA BUST YA OUT!

I SAID NO. NOW SCRAM!
WE WANNA BE PART OF YER GANG, SEE!
C'MON! WE'RE USEFUL! WE CAN DO ALL SORTS OF STUFF!
YEAH, WE'RE TOUGH!
I WANT TO WORK IN A BROTHEL!
GET YOUR MIRACLE ELIXIR! CURES WHAT AILS YA! STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! MIRACLE ELIXIR!
OKAY, YOUR FIRST JOB IS TA BEAT THE CRAP OUTTA THAT GUY.
RIGHT! YOU HEARD THE BOSS!!

GOON! HOW'D YOU GET OUT?!
I BUSTED OUT, WHATTA YA THINK! I GOTTA LAY LOW FOR A WHILE. GET OUTTA TOWN.
NO NEED. I WAS ABOUT TO HAVE YOU PICKED UP!
SEEMS YOUR JUDGE HAD A LITTLE CHANGE OF HEART WHEN I SHOWED HIM SOME CANDID PHOTOS OF HIMSELF WITH A CERTAIN MAN THAT HE THOUGHT WAS A LADY. THAT AND THE MUDDS BROKE BOTH HIS LEGS.
WHAT YOU WANT US TA DO NOW, BOSS? MURDER A DEADBEAT?
I WANT YA TO GET AWAY FROM ME!
NEVER, BOSS! WE'RE ON YOU LIKE GLUE!
WHAT I MEAN IS GO HOME, UH, AND WAIT... FOR THE SUPER-SECRET SIGNAL. YEAH, THAT'S IT. YOU ARE MY SECRET SPECIAL RESERVES. YOU GOTTA LAY LOW UNTIL I NEED YA.

I GET YA! WILL DO, BOSS!
RIGHT.
YOU MUGS HEAR THAT?! WE'RE THE SUPER-SECRET SPECIAL RESERVE!
YA KNOW, WE NEED A CATCHY NAME!
THE GOON SQUAD?
THE SWITCHBLADES?
THE STREET SHARKS?
THE BROTHELS?
NO, NO, NO!
YOU LITTLE, UNHOLY BASTARDS!!
THAT'S IT!!!

THE END!

EMPIRE